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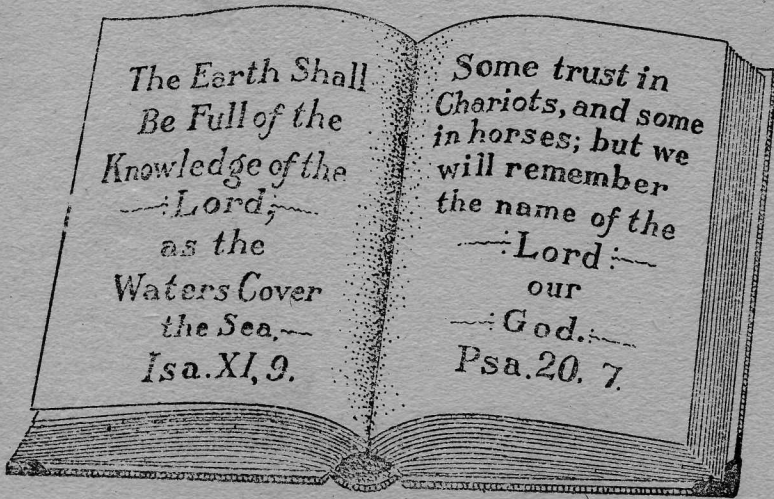
George Detwiler

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Evangelical



Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.

July 12, 1915.

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Evangelical Visitor

The Gospel of Christ . . . Saves All Who Believe

VOL. XXIX. GRANTHAM, PA., MONDAY, JULY 12, 1915.

No 14.

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THE PEARLY GATES.

I've heard them singing again and again,
Of the gates that stand ajar,
Of a sunny clime and a golden plain,
And a sinless land afar,
But when I've passed the chilly tide,
To enter my home above,
I know those gates will open wide,
In the shining courts above.

Chorus

They'll open wide, yes, open wide,
I'll pass through its portals free,
And rest in peace on the other side,
They will open wide for me.

A welcome home at the golden gates,
By a band of angels bright,
Does there for the ransom'd spirit wait
As it gains the land of light.
We may not know of the joys untold,

Or the bliss of the other side,
But when I come to the gates of gold,
I know they will open wide.

The sinner's Friend as He reaches down,
With a Savior's wondrous love,
Prepares us a mansion, a robe and a crown,
In the shining courts above;
Will gather His flock into the fold,
To the fold beyond the tide,
As we near the gates, the gates of gold,
I know they will open wide.

The beautiful gates wide open stand,
My soul is dressed in white;
I'm ready to go at God's command,
To dwell in heaven's light,
The beautiful gates are open wide,
The angels will come for me,
Already the veil is drawn aside,
My home above I see.—*Sel.*

WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

Mothers, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray—
Guide them, mothers, while you may.

Mothers, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mothers, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep oh keep that young heart true,
Extracting every poisoning weed;
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.
—*Selected by Omar Worman Souderton.*

Our Authorized Version will never be
bettered, as I judge, till Christ shall
come.—*Spurgeon.*

Evangelical Visitor

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For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of EVANGELICAL truths and the Unity of the church.

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EDITORIAL.

ABIDING IN HIM—FRUITFULNESS.

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bring forth much fruit." "Fruit," "more fruit," "much fruit," is Christ's expressed expectation of those who are livingly joined to Him. He said of His disciples that they are the branches in Him, and He is the vine—the *true* vine. The branch separate from the vine has no life, because it has no life except as it receives it from the vine. So no one has spiritual life except as it is received from Christ. He said, "Apart from Me—severed from me—ye can do nothing." Fruitfulness is impossible to an individual unless the life as it is in Christ has been imparted. But being thus brought into this living union with Christ thru the operations of the Holy Spirit fruitfulness is made possible, and must be if the relationship is to be sustained.

What then are the conditions of fruitfulness? How may the soul answer the requirement of fruitfulness, not fruitfulness, niggardly, but "much fruit?"

What is the answer? Jesus gives the condition in the word "abide." Important as the purging of the husbandman is, the abiding is of first importance. This is the word of Jesus, "Abide in Me. As the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except we abide in me."

And what, we may ask, are the conditions of abiding? Is it activity which consists in the doing of good works, or in the keeping of commandments? Important as these are, yet it would appear that the abiding in Christ is not dependent on any ceremonialism, but is dependent on faith. He who is dead in trespasses and sin is made alive thru the operation of God's power: thru

faith in Jesus Christ he is freely justified from all things from which neither the law of Moses nor his own works of righteousness could justify him, saved by the grace of God, so that old things have passed away and all things have become new, and so has been implanted into Christ who said to His disciples, "I am the true vine."

In II Peter 1: 2, we are told that all things that pertain to *life* and *godliness* are provided in Jesus Christ. He Himself said "I am the bread of life." He is sufficient for all the believer's needs.

"All things are mine since I am His."

The vine supplies all the nourishment to the branch: indeed according to the principles of botany the very fibres of the vine extended thru the branch to its very end, and the very fibres of the branch extend thru the vine to its very roots, so that the two are actually one. And such is the union existing between the believer and His Savior,

*"ONE with God, with Jesus ONE
Glory is with them begun."*

Life and nourishment comes to the believer from Christ. Also enablement for fruitfulness. If the abiding continues then no doubt fruitfulness will continue, and as the fruitfulness abounds the Father will be glorified.

Let us therefore abide in Him so that the fruit of the Spirit may abound more and more, to His glory and for a blessing to mankind.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES.

Bishop Henry B. Hoffer's address is changed from Mt. Joy, Pa., to Manheim Pa. R. R. 2. Correspondents will please take notice of this change when writing.

The post office address of both Henry Schneider Sr., deacon, and Henry Schneider Jr., elder, has been changed from Burton, Mich., to Carland, Mich., R. R. 1.

A REMINDER.

The districts of Ohio that have not complied with article 4 of Ohio State Council of 1915, will please do so at their earliest convenience and oblige yours,

B. F. Hershey, Treas.

CORRECTION.

An error crept into Bro. B. F. Hershey's contribution in our last issue under title of "AN APPRECIATION," in that the name of the secretary was given as B. F. Hoover when it should have been B. F. Hershey.

Many changes in subscriber's addresses, either in the post office or in route numbers are being made at this time. We request that all subscribers whose addresses are so changed will inform us of such change or changes immediately and we'll note such changes at once.

In the directions given to Moses that should govern the ceremonial services of the people of Israel there is one that is striking and peculiar. It is found in Exodus 28: 36, 37, and 38, and reads as follows: "And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it; like the engravings of a signet HOLY TO JEHOVAH. And thou shalt put it on a lace of blue and it shall be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. And shall be upon Aaron's forehead, and Aaron shall bear the iniquity of the holy things, which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts, and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before Jehovah" (R. V.). The arresting expression is "the iniquity of

the holy things." Is it possible that there is iniquity in holy things? That is what is implied. Aaron, as priest, must bear the iniquity of the holy things. Here is what one says in this connection. "These are startling words; being greatly fulfilled in the present time. The Church, which is God's appointment, is desecrated with unholy methods. All worship is tainted. Unconverted choirs, individual communion cups, oratorical sermons, illicit money raising, are only a few of the stains upon the garments of a royal priesthood." Whether the estimate of this writer is correct is open to question, but it is true that anything of a carnal or fleshly nature that enters as a factor in any church service or activity would come under this estimate, the iniquity of the holy things."

Jesus, in John 17: 14, tells the disciples they are NOT OF THE WORLD, even as He is not of the world. Mrs. Needham says in this connection:

"Are we forgetting these words? Why are believers doing such worldly things without a question? One goes to a prayermeeting to night, and to a circus tomorrow. One solemnly bows at the Lord's table to-day, and to-morrow at a banquet eats bread with a mixed multitude of unsanctified ones. Bitter and sweet water flow from the same heart. "These things ought not so to be." One of our exchange editors gives account of a frolic carried thru by a famed Men's Bible Class in Philadelphia recently. This Men's Bible Class movement is heralded far and near as one of the most far reaching helps to the bringing in of kingdom of God of modern times. Judging from the account given of this frolic we may well question whether it can make any claim to being Christian, or whether the word

Bible is not disgraced and scandalized in the connection. The editor who writes of this affair takes the ground that the children of God are not one with the world, altho' they are found in the same communities, toil at the same mills, buy and sell at the same markets, and walk the same streets: a clear line of distinction should be maintained between them. We quote herewith several paragraphs from said editor's writing:

"The absence of this distinction has been particularly noticeable in two respects—in worldly things in the church and in churchly things in the world. The former is perhaps less in evidence now than a few years ago, while the latter is more common. That is, there seems to be less disposition to take worldly affairs into the church, but more inclination for members of the church, and especially of the church's auxiliaries, to enter into the things of the world under the name of the church, or of the department of the church with which they are connected. It is in this sense that we speak of "churchly" things in the world—the use of the name of the church, or the Sunday-school, or the Bible where they have no other than an absurd connection, and which connection is an irreverent use of these names.

"A striking case in point is furnished by a certain Bible Class movement, which has attained prominence in the East and is extending into the West, and to which we have called attention at different times. Here is the announcement as it appeared in a Philadelphia paper the other day:

"The second annual circus and carnival of the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes will be held at the Lansdowne Summer Home next Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening. The driveway will be transformed into a midway, while the interior of the spacious build-

ings will be used for entertainments. On Friday evening a minstrel show will be given, and on Saturday afternoon girls' field sports will be held, including a baseball game between the girls of the Fairhill Methodist Episcopal Church and the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes' Summer Home Girls. On Saturday night a fashion parade will be held.

Among the circus attractions will be acrobatic work by members of the classes and a zoo. The midway will be alive with attractions, among them a Neutral Kitchen, Kiss Tent and Japanese Tea Room. Candy and ice cream will furnish refreshments, and the needs of visitors will be looked after by the Commonsense Table. A Bible class booth will be maintained, where literature will be distributed.

The Mandelsohn Symphony Orchestra of Broadway Methodist Church, of Camden, consisting of 35 pieces, will give a concert this afternoon and evening at the Summer Home at Lansdowne.

William D. Laumaster, evangelist, will be the speaker to-morrow morning at the meeting of Holy Trinity Class. H. Frederick Wilson will address the class of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, Conshohocken!

"Here is the incongruous announcement of a Bible class carnival and circus. One who is not acquainted with this movement would take the above announcement for a case of "printer's pi," in which he had hopelessly mixed the "forms" intended for the church notices and the amusement columns. A Chinese puzzle would be more inviting than the task of trying to fit some of the words used above into positions appropriate to their reputations. Under the name and auspices of a Bible Class we have "circus," "minstrel show" and "carnival," with the meanings which these words carry to those who have their

eyes and ears open. Then we have "midway," a word which, ever since the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, with the corrupting influence sent out by its Midway Plaisance, has had as unsavory a reputation as any word in the language.. And these words are mixed up with the words "Bible," church," and "evangelist." We notice also that beside the "Bible Class Booth" stands the "Kiss Tent," whatever that may be. And to add dignity to one of these Bible classes, which it certainly needs, it is given the name of the "Holy Trinity." We assume, of course, that corrupting influences were absent in this instance; but why should a Bible class designate any of its work by a name which, in the popular mind, stands for so much that is low and vile as do the words "midway" and "carnival?" And why should a Bible class do anything which would make these names in the remotest sense appropriate?"

According to the word of the Spirit as given in Romans 3: 7 and 8, the ban is put on the doing of "evil that good may come." It appears as if Paul was charged with advocating such inconsistency and he pronounced such effort as being slander. But it appears that in these days all things, no matter how worldly and inconsistent are considered not only lawful, but conducive to the prosperity of the life of the church. But think how very carnal the church must have become to be so self-deceived!

In II Thess. 2: 3, the Holy Spirit warns against permitting ourselves to be deceived. A writer in calling attention to this suggests that perhaps they cannot deceive us as to the deity of Jesus Christ, neither as to the fact of our own *conversion*, but they probably can deceive us about *current events*. Our eyes may be blinded by

the evidences of progress, and we are persuaded that the world is growing better, and so will be cheated out of being "prepared for the coming judgments by smooth words of false cheer."

We must not permit ourselves to be persuaded that the successful issue of the great reform movements which are now so promising, will bring in the Millennium. The banishment of the saloon, or for that matter, the successful putting away of the entire liquor business, root and branch, will not mean that the nation is more Christian, in the Scriptural sense of the term, than before, altho' poverty and crime and insanity may be, in great measure, banished. No, *reformation* is not *regeneration*, and without regeneration there is no true Christianity. What tho' Kansas, thru having had thirty years under prohibition blessing, is richer, per capita, has less poverty, crime, immorality, insanity and sickness, than the states which license the manufacture and sale of liquor, it is open to question whether Kansas is potentially more really Christian than her sister states not under prohibition. The most rabid infidel sheet that we know of is sent out from one of the interior Kansas towns, and our impression is that Destructive Higher Criticism finds congenial soil in that state, to say nothing of Christian Science, Russellism, Theosophy and kindred delusions. We may well work for, and welcome, the ending of the liquor traffic, but let us remember that the Lord's estimate of the sinfulness of the human heart, as He sees and knows it, holds good under all circumstances, and nothing but the power of God is able to work the "double cure," save from both the guilt and power of sin.

"No reformation will suffice,

"Tis *life* poor sinners need,"

And that *life* is Christ.

CONTRIBUTED.

ON REJOICING.

By J. H. MYERS.

"Rejoice in the Lord, alway, and again I say, Rejoice" (Phil. 4: 4).

God created man with intelligence and capable of feeling joy and gladness. These feelings he has naturally so that in all human relationship this joy and gladness is felt so long as the human affection is not crossed or *contraried*. But this is not the case on the divine side. The human side is the world side: the divine side is the Church of the living God side, the body of believers, Christians who would answer with Peter when the Lord demanded of them as to who they say Jesus is: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Here the human and the divine are separated through a divine confession. The unbelieving Thomas being at last convinced that it was his

The following paragraph is from the writings of Madame Guyon:

"When we fall into errors, and even into undoubted sins, the rules of inward holy living require us not to vex and disquiet ourselves; but simply in deep humiliation and penitence, to turn calmly and believingly, without fear and without agitation, to Him who forgives willingly, to that cross of Christ, where it can be truly said, that wounded souls are healed. Great agitation and vexation of mind are not necessarily *penitence* nor the result of penitence, but are rather the result of *unbelief*."

We suggest that some brother minister take up this subject and tell us whether this teaching of Madame Guyon is correct, and if not, tell us where lies the truth.

loving Christ, resurrected, he quickly acknowledged Him as his Lord and God.

Where are we as a believing church? Do we as dear brethren and sisters who belong to the Body of Christ rejoice in our crucified Christ in that He is more real to us than when we were first justified, when we awoke from our lost condition, judged for sin and guilt, doomed to death: we acknowledged our condemnation just, but Christ says, "Father, I died for this sinner. I pass the white throne judgment and am justified from all my committed sins: I am born of the Spirit of God through His Son. I am justified, therefore I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Do I rejoice? Most assuredly. Paul rejoiced. Stephen could rejoice saying he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Did he rejoice? Most assuredly. Read Hebrews 11: 4 and see the host of worthies recorded in Holy Writ who were justified through the shed blood of that perfect sacrifice, the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

We, the children of the living God say to one another, "I am so glad that I am a born child of God. I am justified from all things which the law could not do in that it was weak, but glory to God for eternal salvation through our blessed Christ."

Surely we don't wonder that we rejoice, and love the brethren, the divine love of God in our human bodies. Yes, our human body, and Christ became one of us, but without sin. He lived a human being or else He could not have delivered us from our fallen condition. He became as one of us, and so condemned sin in the flesh and accomplished an everlasting salvation for us. He came in the flesh and died at the hand of His executors. He again arose from the dead, has given us eternal life in

believing on Him.

Glory to our God for loving us before the foundation of the world. Yes He loved me before I was born into this world. Hallelujah. Who that knows it would not rejoice?

But Oh the millions that live who don't know what you and I do! Dear brother, yes, rejoice in Him.

But some one says, "I was very happy when I got blest. I thought all my sins were forgiven. I was so happy, but now I have so much to contend with. I am so often tempted, and I get cross, and I fly of the handle." Don't you know that you are not crucified? You only have forgiveness for your committed sins, such that you had knowingly committed. You were only justified through Christ's death on the cross. You have forgiveness of all your committed sins; you made your wrongs right like a Zacchæus of old. Now you go down into the water and are buried in baptism and arise up out of the water to walk in newness of life. Surely that soul will rejoice in God His Savior. Rejoice, rejoice, and again rejoice. "Yes how can I? I am tempted." "In what?" "O, so many things: my companions tempt me to go out in the worldly pleasures." You must say, "No, I am a Christian," and cut off that desire to pride and worldliness. "Well, but I have such a bad temper." "Well you are not yet crucified." "I love money." "You are not crucified to you money." "I am so light minded: laugh and jest and talk foolish." "Well, you are not crucified yet." These are the old inbred nature that you have inherited from your parents. You cannot help your natural birth, but you can get where you can rejoice because you are dead to all I have mentioned, and O, so many more when you are crucified and realize that you are living in the resurrection life with Christ.

Paul says, Gal, 2: 20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." Oh beloved saints, Can you wonder that I express myself in our little text, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again, rejoice." The soul that is crucified and lives in the resurrection life in Christ needs at times to heed the injunction of Paul, Phil. 4: 5: "Let your moderation be known unto all men." O, for more rejoicing dear saints, for the Lord is at hand. Don't be surprised if you hear shouts in the camp. I am only surprised that there are not more than there are. I am looking for more among our dear people.

Dear ones, go down deeper into the death with our blessed Christ, and our text will be verified. O dear readers, "Deeper into the fountain I will go." Yes, deeper still. Don't be so careful lest you be a little loud in the praises of God. "Be careful for nothing:" rejoice in your own Christian experience. Don't get the other saint's testimony. Be careful for your own, that it is deep down in the crucifixion life of Christ, and be sure that the life you now live is not your life, but that Christ lives in you, and it will be rejoicing. Yes, a victorious life. No more grumbling; no more faultfinding with your brother or sister for the Lord is at hand. O, I wish I could write so that it would stir the saints to shout, Hallelujah to our God for the Bride. Rev. 19: 7, 8: "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready." And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.

O dear saints, if I will not be able to

preach to you bodily anymore, glean some honey from this article. My bodily health is failing me, yet I wish as Bro. Engle prayed at Grantham love-feast that my strength be restored even that it may be so. I believe the saints said, Amen.

O how I rejoice in the hope of His soon coming, and rejoice in the hope to live yet in the body when He comes for His Church, the Bride. O Hallelujah, it is all through the shed blood of the everlasting covenant God made with His redeemed Church. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly." Amen.
1185 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa.

THE PERILOUS TIMES

By W. R. SMITH.

Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and the sea: for the devil is come down to you having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12: 12).

"Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe" (Rev. 14: 20).

In these awful days when God is speaking to the nations of the world in the fiery storm of battle, that affects the whole earth, it does seem that the perilous times of the last days are indeed upon us. Never in the history of man has there been such progressive destruction among mankind as is going on now.

As suddenly as falls the lightning stroke from a cloudless summer sky, when no one was looking for it, starting the inhabitants, the awful ruin began, and continues with increasing horrors. It would seem as though God's time for the beginning of the reaping of the earth has come, that the cup of its iniquity is full, and ready for the har-

vest of divine wrath and vengeance.

The general conditions in both church and state are most deplorable. Worldliness, materialism, unbelief, forgetfulness of God's laws, and rejection of Jesus by the great masses of people. With the falling away from the truth, becoming lovers of pleasures and worshippers of gold, the Holy Spirit has been grieved and has largely left the churches, which are scarcely holding their own in numbers.

No wonder Bishop Foster of the M. E. church in a late article sends forth a wailing cry. "O Spirit of God come back to the churches."

While it is true that God has many good people in the world who are striving to do His will, yet the general trend of things almost everywhere has been away, from spiritual religion, and reverence for God and His word.

False teachers abound on every side with old heresies of by-gone days presented in new forms as improvements on God's plan, such as Theosophy, Christian Science, Unitarianism, Russellism and many other isms that Satan cunningly tries to deceive the very elect with.

In present-day society, so-called, there exists every unmentionable abomination that the world the flesh and the devil can suggest, and it is permitted by the church that has the power to make every law of the land, if they were true followers of Jesus. When the Jews rejected the promised Messiah God left them and poured out upon them His awful judgments; and now that the times of the Gentiles are ending, and the world still turns away from its Redeemer, what can it expect but divine wrath visited upon it to the utmost limit. "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and sea," for we are told that in these latter days Satan will be present here on this earth full of wrath to destroy

and ruin as many as he is permitted to. Can any one have a single doubt of his presence here now?

When we look abroad over the earth and behold the awful destruction of human life, and world-wide disasters in many forms on land and sea, that is wrecking all material things.

I think the modern moving picture shows are the greatest invention that the devil ever gave to mankind, with which to capture the souls and bodies of children, young people and many older ones, and ruin them forever.

Yes, Satan is unusually busy these awful days, but thank God, his time is short. Death and destruction is the present order of things and it never ceases, going on both by day and night. How long, Oh, how long shall it continue? is the wailing cry of millions of earth's heart broken children. Till the harvest is reaped, is the only answer, and the earth is cleansed by blood from its present morally rotten condition, and prepared for the coming Prince of Peace to reign in righteousness.

"And the winepress was trodden without the city, and there came out blood from the winepress, even unto the bridles of the horses, as far as a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (Rev. 14: 20). A river of blood four feet deep and 200 miles long,— is that too gruesome to be an appropriate symbol of the present awful war, when we consider the number of lives already destroyed, and what must yet be sacrificed before any conclusion can be reached? This is no ordinary war, but more like a general massacre when the dead are so numerous that they cannot be buried.

No event in all past history could come so near to being a literal fulfillment of that part of John's great vision. And yet as other seals are opened, still more startling calamities

will fall upon the earth, and human hearts will grow faint with fear, and try to escape the awful wrath being poured out, by hiding in dens and caves, calling for the rocks and mountains to fall and cover them.

What of this terrible night, when the dark clouds of present and impending judgments are so near and full, to the true believer and lover of Jesus? It surely is a testing time to them, when every one should be widely awake watching and praying, ready for their Lord's return, who may come at any moment.

"Look up," said Jesus, "when you see these signs and conditions coming to pass, for your redemption is near at hand." To the true follower of Jesus, this is no time to indulge in worldly pleasures, or sleeping on the post of duty for suddenly as a thief in the night, or as a snare is sprung, so shall the great day of the Lord burst upon a surprised and astonished world.

Pryor, Okla.

THE SLEEPING AROUSED.

By MARTIN S. BRINSER.

So many Christians are sleeping, and it is high time that the sleeping ones awake. Paul says in Eph. 5: 14: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ will give thee light."

In the Scripture there are many figures used to represent the sinner's condition. The sinner is a wanderer, a slave, an outcast, a rebel; is led captive by the devil; is dead in trespasses and sins.

Here the figure employed is that of sleep,—sleep from God (Psa. 127: 2). Sleep of the sluggard, Prov. 6: 9, 10: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard, when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber a little

folding of the hands, to sleep," Dan. 12: 2: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting despair."

This text is divided in three parts.

(1) The sinner's awful state. A state of darkness. Such is the condition of the soul in a state of darkness, without true saving knowledge, ignorant of himself, of God, and the things that belong to his peace. The Lord saith, namely by the tenor of His word, "Sleepest, art stupid, senseless and polluted in sin."

(2) A state of insensibility. Asleep. He hears not, enjoys not; is dead to all around him. A thousand blessings are near him, but he has no taste nor desire for them. (3) A state of inactivity. In sleep all the limbs are at ease: no plans laid out; he prepares not to meet his God. (4) A state of dreams.

The sailor out in mid ocean dreams of home, the soldier of victory; the sick of health; the beggar of wealth; yet when all awake behold it was only a dream. (5) A state of peril. Thus while Belteshazzar was feasting; thus while the rich fool was planning; thus while the prodigal left home. A moral depravity till it terminates in death. From this state men never awake themselves. Observe God's call.

2. God's gracious call. It is God speaking in this text, and He is speaking in mercy with a view to our salvation. God calls in many different ways; special calls (example, Jonah). He sounds an alarm. Would that men realized their true condition! Life is no dream, sin no trifle. It is a solemn thing to live and die. The call is to action. It is not enough to hear and admit the truth of what you hear. Act, believe and flee. The prodigal arose and came. Escape for thy life. The minister goes forth expressly to warn, arouse, and exhort. Have we not been

called hundreds of times? Yea, thousands of times? If a man hath ears let him hear.

Now, thus God calls men, but to what? To awake; to arouse themselves; to exercise their powers; and consider their ways,

3. The Great promise. "Christ shall give thee light.

The blessing promised is light (1) The light of saving knowledge. (2) Of true peace; joy, by the forgiveness of sin. (3) Of holiness. A new heart, and so become a child of light. About yourself, about God, about salvation. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

Shall give. All His blessings are free gifts, meritless, they suit all cases. The blood of Christ is the divine provision. In the Cross sin was condemned (Rom. 8: 3), and put away. In the light, means the acknowledgment of these facts, and belief in Christ crucified as the remedy. Jesus Christ gives the plea for sinning saints which He carries to the Father where, because of the eternal efficacy of His own sacrifice, He restores them to fellowship, that we all may have the three golden links of the heart which are Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

By JOHN C. BURKHOLDER.

In the silent shades of evening,
As you sit, perhaps, alone.
Do you think of yonder glory?
Do you long to be at home?
When the scenes of heaven's beauty
Loom up before your eyes,
When the fragrant flowers of heaven
Scent, from far beyond the skies.

As you sit and gaze at evening,
At the starlit sky above,
Do you think of countless mercies?
Of His universal love?

Do angelic strains of music
Seem to float upon the air?
Are you homesick weary pilgrim,
To be numbered over there?

In the silent hours of midnight,
As you lay in sweet repose;
Heav'nly dews of God's protection,
Fall as dew upon the rose;
Should you waken from your slumber,
And a loneliness prevail,
Think that God is kindly watching
Think, His promise ne'er can fail.

When the bright and silvery morning,
Chase the shades of night away;
When it dawns in all its beauty
Do you think of endless day?
When that glorious, golden morning,
Shall dispel this earthly night,
Then we'll dwell within those mansions
Up in yonder realms of light.
Merril, Mich.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares, wrinkled, and curv'd and white with hoary hairs: "What is *TIME*?" "*TIME* is the warp of life," he said. "O tell the young, the fair, the gay to weave it well."

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke, I asked him, "What is *TIME*?" "*TIME*" he replied, "I've lost it, ah the treasure," and he died.

Author Unknown.

Printed 86 years ago.

How much could be said of *TIME*. When a Queen came to change *TIME*, for Eternity, she said, "Oh for a moment of *TIME*." Oh how sad, we must believe there are millions in Eternity that would give worlds upon worlds for an inch of time, or an hour of grace but alas to late.

Oh *TIME*, how few thy value weigh;
(How few will estimate a day;
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

The *TIME* that knows us now, will soon
know us no more, forever.

TIME: is winging us away, to our immortal home. Life is but a winter's day. A journey to the tomb.

What is *TIME*? When all is done,
A thousand years are the same as one
Eternity is just at hand.

And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day?
And throw my inch of *TIME* away?

Procrastination is the Thief of *TIME*.
Dayton, Ohio. Ema Wagner.

News of Church Activity

IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

MISSIONARY ADDRESSES.

Bishop H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Miss Mary Heisey, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Lewis Steckley, Miss Elizabeth Engle, Mrs. Sallie Doner, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.

Eld. H. J. and Emma Frey, Miss Hannah Baker, Miss Sadie Book, Miss Cora Alvis, A. C. Winger, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Eld. Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

India.

Eld. and Sr. H. L. Smith and Effie Rohrer, Dauram Madhipura, North Bhagalpur, B. & N. W. Ry., India.

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.

D. W. Zook and wife, Adra. B. N. R., India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Furlough—Myron and Adda Taylor, Jesse R and Malinda Eyster and Frances Davidson.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Geo. E. and Effie Whisler.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halsted St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro. B. L. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines Mission, 1174 14th., St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Aiella Engle, R. 3 box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

Dayton Mission, 601 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

FOREIGN MISSION FUND.

Report for May and June 1915.

GENERAL FUND.

Receipts.

A. J. Heise and wife, Kans., \$25.00; Christian Endeavor Society, Abilene, Kans., \$5.00; Special for Ruth Byer, from S. E. Brehm, Pa., \$34.24; S. B. Longenecker, Ohio., \$10.00; Special to open an advance post at Macha Mission, In His Name, Pa., \$75.00; B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., \$20.00; North Franklin dist., Pa., \$5.00; Special for Ruth Byer from Grantham, Pa., \$34.47; Abilene, Kans. Brethren, \$100.00; Mrs. Lutz, Thomas, Okla., \$4.00; Belle Springs, Kans., district, \$137.88; Newbern, Kans., district \$40.50; Bethel, Kans. S. S. \$55.81; Bucks and Montgomery, Pa., district, \$26.00; Markham, Ont., district, \$24.00; Special for India, Grantham, Pa., \$25.00; Grantham, Pa., \$53.60; Lizzie Basehore, Pa., \$3.00; Miss Catherine A. Winter, Ashland, Ohio, \$10.00; Sr. Srigley, Ont., \$1.00; Conference offering received, O., \$440.91; Catherine Lehman, Pa., \$9.00; H. R. Light, Pa., \$10.00; Special for Ruth Byer, Dayton District, Pa., \$17.19; Pleasant Hill, Ohio. S. S. \$9.63; Cumberland Pa., district \$30.00; Fairland lovefeast, Pa., \$61.25; Puslinch, Ont., S. S., \$3.00; Nathaniel Wildfong, Ont., \$2.00; Special to help I. O. Lehman to a cow from Fairview, Ohio, S. S. \$33.25; Special for Sister H. F. Davidson, a brother, Ont., \$3.00; Souderton and Silverdale, Pa., \$62.19; Part of Ohio Conference offering by S. Z. Bert, Pa., \$10.00; Mt. Joy Bible Class, Pa., \$13.11; Mowersville, district, \$10.06; David Currie, Westmount, Que., \$3.20; South Franklin, Pa., \$30.00.

Disbursements.

Special from Conference offering Ohio to Sister Mabel Winger, \$25.00, H. Frances Davidson for traveling expenses, \$250.00; cost for exchange for New York draft, \$2.00, Jesse R. Eyster, payment in full for the Cinderella Mission property S. Africa, \$1000.00, cost for exchange, New York draft, \$8.00, Enos Hess, for payment of Missionary students, Grantham School, Pa., \$102.38.

DAYTON MISSION.

We will endeavor once more to give another report if the work at this place. We can report victory in our souls, and that our God is all powerful, and is undertaking for precious souls, notwithstanding the enemy is very bold, and doing all he can to hinder and disturb. But it is so blessed to behold the overruling of the Lord, for His glory,

and the freedom of precious souls. We can expect God in His faithfulness to win our victories for us, if we prove true to Him. But it does mean upon our part a faith that will hold, and will take no denial, and will not shrink though pressed by every foe. Also a pure love for God, His cause, and His holy word, and a real, and sincere burden for poor lost souls, a life of humiliation, entirely consecrated, and yielded upon the altar of our God as a living sacrifice, and treading the way of suffering with our Lord. Let us remember, dear friends, if this is our experience before God, He will help us thru these awful and serious days, and if it would mean the command of all heaven, for our God cannot be defeated on the plain of His promises. Thus God has promised to fight our battles for us, but we will have to be with Him in the battle, though the conflict may be very severe. But praise God forever, if we go with Jesus thru the garden of suffering, the dark Calvary of crucifixion, and receive the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, we shall be able to venture in the rescuing of precious souls, as brands from the burning, and from the very clutches of the enemy himself. We are aware that the awful tendency, and rush is downward, and many times our efforts appear as failures, and our undertaking would seem to be in vain. But, dear ones, let us never stop or give up, let us like Bartimeus of old, the more the opposing powers, and the hindering darkness of this world press in upon us, cry out the more, and the burden, and let this dying world know in the approach of despair, that Jesus came to save.

We are glad to report that out of the great throng of the unsaved there are a few, at least, who are made willing to come out of a life of sin, give up all for Jesus, and take the way with Him. Last Sunday afternoon, June 27, there were four dear souls willing to follow our Lord in the ordinance of baptism. Our hearts were made to rejoice while at the rolling stream as we realized the presence of the Lord in our midst, and the manifested solemnity over the large crowd of on lookers. Though much is being said, and done in this our day that is held out before the world to be salvation, and Christianity, yet if the true and sincere observance of the whole word of God is practiced before this poor lost world, it will

create in them, a portion at least, a reverence a regard, and a solemn meditation upon the eternal realities if our God.

We are so glad, and thankful, for the interest manifested by our dear brethren and sisters in sharing with us in behalf of this work: it was so encouraging to see so many of our dear ones in from the country, to join us in our baptismal service.

Our bishop J. N. Hoover, brought us the message, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and effected real encouragement in our hearts.

We desire to thank all again, who so willingly have shared with us of their means. May the Lord bless, and keep you all true for Him, is our prayer.

FINANCIAL.

Report for June 1915.

Balance on hand, \$16.57.

Receipts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jones, Canton, O., \$2.00; Sr. Daniel Winger, Chambersburg, Pa., \$5.00; Mechanicsburg, Pa., S. S. offering, \$2.75; a brother, \$5.00; Valley Chapel S. S., Canton, O., \$7.06; Florence Brumbaugh, Dayton, O., \$2.00; Sarah Dohner, Englewood, O., \$1.00; Katie Moyer, Elizabethtown, Pa., \$.25; Sadie Hasler, Elizabethtown, Pa., \$1.25; Mission offering, \$.10. Total, \$42.88.

Expenditures.

Table account, \$10.33; water bill and meter rent \$1.84; car tickets, \$1.00; gas and stove rent \$3.02; cistern sewer and spouting repairs, \$2.68; two doz. glass fruit cans and rubbers, \$1.25; incidentals, \$1.81. Total, \$21.93.

Balance on hand, July 1, 1915, \$20.95.

POOR FUND.

Balance on hand, \$.03.

Receipts.

In His name, \$.27, Zion S. S. Abilene, Kans., \$30.00. Total \$30.24.

Expended.

For poor, \$10.98.

Balance on hand July 1, 1915, \$19.26.

Other provisions were donated by the following:

Frank Etter, M. L. Dohner, Eliza Engle, Levi Hoke, Emma Cassel, John Hershey, Mary Myers, Mrs. Reiber, Annie Miller, Hettie Hershey, Charlotte Myers, Elizabeth Jenkins.

SPECIAL, M. L. Dohner, 1 gal. maple molasses, 1 gal. apple butter, 1 chicken, 1 qt. milk, 1 bu. potatoes; Elmer Hoover 24 qt. of strawberries; Isaac Engle, ½ bu. of gra-

ham flour; Edward Engle, 48 qt. of straw-berries; Ollie Bencil $\frac{1}{2}$ bu. of cherries.

Yours in the battle for souls,

W. H. and Susie Boyer.

601 Taylor St., Dayton O.

BUFFALO MISSION.

We greet you with Psa. 125: 2: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever."

"Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yea they may forget yet will I not forget thee.

"Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." (Isa. 49: 15-16).

My heart goes out in deep gratitude and praise to God for His most tender thought and care which He manifests for His children. Should we as God's people who have named the name of Christ and have departed from iniquity, be discouraged! No! If God is for us who can be against us. Some day the battle will be fought and the victory won. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Cannot we comfort one another with these words?

We thank the Lord and His people who have made it possible to carry on His work at this place for another month. Pray for us that we may be valiant soldiers facing the foe. Sin is abounding on every hand and the love of many is waxing cold. How few there are that are willing to take the uncompromising way of the cross, but as we stop to think one soul is worth more than the whole world it stirs are hearts anew to faithfulness to God to press our way thru to the very gates.

FINANCIAL.

Report for June, 1915.

Balance on hand, \$21.30.

Receipts.

Bro. E. Roberts, \$5.00; Bro. B. Winger, \$1.00; Bro. E. Carlyon, \$1.00; A brother, \$1.00; Sr. Sarah Custer, \$1.00.

Expenditures.

Light, \$1.33, gas, \$1.80, groceries, household and sundries, \$18.17.

Balance on hand, \$9.00.

Yours in His service,

Effie Whisler.

P. S. Provisions were donated by Richard Otts, D. V. Heise, Andrew Siders and Sr. Blake, consisting of potatoes, rhubarb, canned fruit, cream, butter, eggs and beans.

DES MOINES MISSION.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

We are confident that we have a place in your prayers.

We had the pleasure of having the outgoing missionaries with us since our last report. Their messages were well received and their influence was splendid: only sorry they could not remain longer. God bless them in their future fields of labor. Sr. H. Frances Davidson was with us also later. She spoke at the Gospel Temple church on Sunday morning and in the city Gospel Mission Tent on Sunday evening. Her mission talks captivated the audiences and quite a liberal free-will offering followed. People were deeply impressed with her story of the dusky race of Africa. She will always have a warm spot in the hearts of this people. We are sure the Lord will continue to bless and use her wherever she may go.

The first night that we operated our new tent a man came forward and accepted Jesus as his Savior. One night later a whole family, father, mother and daughter, came forward and were beautifully saved. When they arose from the altar the little girl sang, from memory, the chorus—"I'm going thru," etc. Did it pay? What shall the answer be?

Our expense item is a little heavy this month. That is, it is somewhat heavier than our previous reports. But we were obliged to purchase torches and one gasoline lamp to illuminate our tent.

The electric bill of 19.50 is for illuminating the Hall where we held our meetings during the fall, winter and early spring months. It pays for Feb., Mar., April and part of May. We know the electric company has over-charged us in some way, and we tried our best to have it adjusted but failed, so, of course, it must be paid. It is hard to

to anything with these big corporations correcting an irregularity. The other expenses are normal.

We have a good location for our tent now and hope many souls may be brought to God.

We need, and crave, an interest in your prayers that the good work of the Lord may prosper more and more.

FINANCIAL.

Report for June 1915.

Receipts.

Markham, Ont., S. S., \$9.60; Sarah Custer, Mansfield, O., \$1.00; Sr. Brubaker, Ramona, Kans., \$3.00; Bro. Brubaker, Ramona, Kans., \$4.00. Total, \$19.60.

Expenditures.

Electricity, \$1.98; gas \$2.89; gasoline for light in tent, \$1.90; two torches and one gasoline lamp for tent, \$8.50; table supplies, \$26.50; incidentals, \$6.50; back electric light bills, as per statement above, \$19.50. Total \$67.77

Balance due Mission July 1, 1915, \$48.17.

Yours in the love of Jesus,

J. R. and Anna Zook.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

We are glad we have the victory thru the blood. Another month has passed, so time rolls on, and each day brings new duties and responsibilities. We are glad to say the Lord is with us. The street meetings are quite encouraging. We had the privilege of praying with a few souls and trust they will walk in the light. We find much to oppose, many professing infidelity; others taking up with false doctrines. I believe we are troubled more on the coast with this than in the more inland states. Theosophy, Russelism, and Christian Science, are fast taking hold here. Then there is the pleasure seeking crowd, as we find in II Tim. 3: 1-5.

But our God is getting unto himself a Bride, and there will be the grand *rapture* by and by. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit on my throne, even as I overcame and am set down on my Father's throne" (Rev. 3: 21).

We thank all who have come to the help if the work here. Pray for us.

FINANCIAL.

Report from May 24, to June 24, 1915.

Receipts.

Upland S. S. Upland, Cal., \$20.00; Sr. Edith Frey, Abilene, Kan., \$7.00; Sr. Anna Lady, Abilene, Kans., \$4.00; Sr. Emma Winger, Chambersburg, Pa., \$5.00; Sr. Elizabeth Troutwine, Upland, Cal., \$5.00; Sr. Anna G. Winger, Culbertson, Pa., \$2.00; Bro. A. Heise, Hamlin, Kans., \$10.00; Home Mission Board, \$20.00; Hall offerings \$25.81; Total \$98.81.

Expenditures.

Car fare, \$10.90, table supplies, ..20.53, house hold, gas, etc., \$6.00, fruit for canning, \$4.10, hall expenses, electric lights, etc., \$4.50, use of baptistry, \$1.50, house rent, \$8.00, hall rent, \$35.00, poor, \$1.25. Total \$91.78. Balance on hand, May 24, \$0.4. Balance on hand June 24, \$8.07.

Reported by J. H. Wagaman.

MESSIAH HOME ORPHANAGE.

Report for April and May, 1915.

Receipts.

A sister, S. Franklin, \$10.00; Mrs. Ensinger, board, \$8.00; Sr. Kindig, \$2.00; Valeria Drissell, \$1.00; Lester Myers and wife, \$.50; Mrs. Weitzel, board, \$3.00; Geo. Haagan and wife, \$.25.

OTHER DONATIONS.

The Orphanage received from Home and War Relief 24 night gowns; 48 petticoats; 24 bloomers and 6 blouses.

From a Steelton friend, books, coat, doll coach, chair, sunbonnet, doll, half dozen chairs two tables, one pumpkin. From W. L. Kreider, Palmyra, Pa., 19 pairs children's shoes.

Other donations consisting of potatoes, beets, artichokes, sweet potatoes, cabbage, milk, pudding, pumpkins, dried cherries, dried corn, bananas, oranges, jelly, eggs, quilts, dresses, bloomers, tea towels, sausage, apple butter, soap, combs, lettuce cheese, candy, bacon, onions were received from the following: Mary Rosenberger, Mt Joy Sewing Circle, Bro. Gruber, Charles Musser, A sister, Hatfield, John Tobias, Anna Garman, Sr. Coble, Sr. Elmer Engle, H. R. Kargarise, Herman Miller, Mrs. M. B. Gish, Mrs. C. Musser, Sr. Hamaker.

"When things don't go to suit you
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
And be always in a frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can."

—Selected by Omar Worman, Souderton, Pa.

NOTTAWA, ONT.

The love feast in Nottawa, Ont., was held as announced, June 5, 6, and was a blessing to our souls. We were given the assurance that God does hear and answer the prayers of His children, when He placed the thought in Bishop P. Steckley's heart that he ought to go up to Nottawa. How it made our hearts rejoice when he told us how he had no thought of coming up here till just a day or so before when he was so impressed; and how glad we were that he obeyed. It reminded us how that God has said His eyes are over the righteous and His ears are open unto their prayers.

O how prayerful we should be knowing that God's eye is over us and that He sees and knows all about us, and that He has promised to answer. May we ever trust in Him and take Him at His word.

We were glad for the unity and fellowship of the Spirit during the services.

Saturday afternoon there was a baptismal service when six precious souls were buried by baptism thus showing to the world that they are done with the life of sin and are beginning a new life in Christ.

Batteau, Ont.

Cor.

MILLERSBURG, Pa.

A love-feast and dedication service was held at the Free-grace church in the Lykens Valley district near Millersburg, Pa., June 12, and 13. A goodly number of brethren and sisters from other districts were present with us. Bishops Henry Hoffer, S. R. Smith and elders John Neisley, Abner Martin and Solomon Lauver were used in speaking from the Word unto us. We desire to thank Him for the privilege of enjoying these refreshing seasons and commemorating the death of our dear Savior.

The church has been remodeled, and annex built to it and a basement arranged below. We pray God's blessing upon it and that souls may be led to the Light through hearing the Gospel proclaimed at this place.

One of the sisters.

The night cometh.

AFRICA CORRESPONDENCE.

Matopo Mission

Bulawayo, So. Rho.

South Africa.

May 16, 1915

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

Greeting in Jesus' precious name.

It is a few months since we last wrote for the VISITOR. During this time we have had a furlough South. Our time was spent at and near Cape Town. We enjoyed the change and rest, and came back to our work refreshed in body, and with renewed courage to labor for the Master in the work for which He has given us a real love.

A short account appeared in the VISITOR sometime ago, of the birth of our baby while we were South. We are thankful that baby has been spared to cheer our home thus far, and this writing finds us all well and enjoying the blessings of the Lord for which we thank Him.

While we enjoyed our furlough we were very glad when the time came for us to return to the Mission and never have we felt more thankful that the Lord considered us worthy to work for Him, than during the last few months. To meet with tests and trials, then to look to the Father and realize deliverance thru His abundant grace, strengthens our faith and courage in Him. Also to labor for Him and perhaps in times of test and in other ways to prove many of His promises, brings us closer to the Father, helps us to know Him better, which is to love Him more.

The work is going on about as usual, but one encouraging feature about it is that the work is widening out; more members are being added to the church, more young men are giving themselves as teachers and to give the Gospel to their own people, more out schools are being opened, which means that more children will be taught to read God's word, and result in the conversion of those who yield to the convicting Spirit, repent of their sins and accept Jesus as their Savior.

To see the work growing is encouraging to us as we also believe it is to the church at home, that helps with her means and prayers in giving the Gospel to these people. But as the work is increasing it means more to care for it, more for the workers on the field and more for the church at home.

Many of these members have hard tests, and even persecution to meet with. Our teachers also have tests and trials in different ways; and while it is encouraging to us to see the earnestness and consecration in many of them, we must remember that not many years ago they were in heathen darkness so have much to learn. Then the superstition and different sins among their own people are strong and many. Satan loses no time but tries in different ways to side track these young Christians, and lead them off in some of the many sins of their own people.

There are tests and trying times in the work here, but I am glad that His grace is sufficient for every test, and as we see His power manifested in the salvation, and keeping of many of these black people who were once in heathen darkness and superstition, it does our souls good. So may we as a body increase our prayers and consecrated efforts in behalf of our Father's work among these people, for it truly pays.

The crops this year are light on account of the heavy rains which came earlier, but we are thankful for what there is to harvest. The natives' gardens around here are very poor.

While we hear of much sorrow and suffering in the world on account of the present war, we are thankful for the peace and quiet we enjoy here, altho' we do feel it in that provisions of most every kind are higher in price now. But we know that He who has promised to supply all our need is caring for us, and it is our only desire to serve Him faithfully till He calls us home.

Asking an interest in your prayers for us and the work here, I will close.

Yours in the Master's service.

Walter O. Winger.

P. O. Box 5263 Johannesburg,
South Africa.

May 4, 1915.

To the dear ones in the home land:—

In reviewing the progress of the work of the Lord since we last wrote we find much to thank God for especially so as we remember that He has been leading the way, and giving joy and rejoicing.

No doubt there are times through which we all must pass when it is not easy to rejoice. Times of sufferings in the spirit, times of real hard and difficult tasks to perform. The

Lord often reminds us that our resources are in Him, and by fully trusting in His all-sustaining grace He gives us the victory.

We had a well attended love feast at this place on April 18. Some of the brethren arrived on Saturday evening and we had a **blessed time in the Lord.** Sunday morning the members and class members from the other stations arrived. First we had a **prayer and testimony service.** Some gave precious evidence that the Lord had been working in their hearts, Praise the Lord! At eleven o'clock after the Church had considered their fitness three were added to it. On our way to the place of baptizing we held a special service in the Compound, when we burned and destroyed quite a big assortment of heathen charms, medicines, witch doctor's bones, and many other articles used by heathen who had been converted and have no more use for these things. To God be all the glory and praise for His transforming powers.

At this service, which was well attended as it was out of the ordinary, the brethren spoke with much liberty and unction.

At the water our old brother Isaac Mazibizi spoke in the Spirit and with feeling. He has now been saved for a number of years and has given good evidence of what God can do. The service was very impressive and we hope those who took the important step will go on to know the Lord in His fullness.

In the afternoon we commemorated the sufferings and death of our dear Savior. Some of the brethren spoke and gave evidence of their development in the Lord, and of their appreciation of the gospel. We enjoyed these special services very much and were much blessed and encouraged in this glad service.

We know that the truth is getting into the hearts of some and this gives us a deep desire to be faithful till Jesus comes.

Dear ones we again ask you to pray for us.

Faithfully yours in Him,

Isaac and Alice Lehman.

Macha Mission,

Choma. N. R.

April 30, 1915.

"Thou hast dealt well with thy servant.
O Lord, according unto thy word."

"Teach me good judgment and knowledge: for I have believed in thy commandments."

This beautiful morning as I write to you about the Lord's work at this particular place, I can truly say, "Thou hast dealt well with thy servant." And also "According unto thy word" because He has indeed been gracious unto us, and supplied our needs, spiritual, physical, and temporal. Truly "According to his word" when He gave us His Commission, and said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Verily His promises are true. No good thing will he withhold from us. To Him belongs all the praise. We are having beautiful autumn weather, everybody has been busy, some gathering in, and others storing the year's harvest of grain, nuts, vegetables and fruit.

At present we have forty-four boarders thirty-seven boys and seven girls. Many of the boys are small, ranging in age from about 8 to 14 years.

David Moyo recently returned from Natal, and is assisting in the school work.

Today Sr. Doner, and Bro Steckley are absent from home having gone out to a neighboring village to express their sympathies to the friends of a young woman who died very suddenly leaving a small baby.

Quite recently one of our Christian girls was given in marriage to a heathen boy. While we are very sorry to see such unions yet we are almost helpless in the matter, apart from praying for them. The customs of the people do have such a tight hold, that altho' the girls object to such unions as this particular girl did, yet who finally was won over thru fear of some awful calamities befalling the people if she would not yield to their wishes.

Only a comparative few of these people care for the gospel, hence not many apart from believers come out to services.

Whooping cough has been raging among the children of different villages but thus far no one at the school has contracted it. The general health of all workers and boarders is quite good. Now and again a boy is down for a few days with a bit of fever.

Recently we had with us for the day, the Bishop of North Rhodesia of the Universities Mission (Auglican). We enjoyed his visit talking over different phases of the work.

Since writing the foregoing, we have learned that the grandmother of the small child who was recently left motherless, suggested burying the infant with his mother. However others of the old people objected, saying that would not be right.

Later when Sr. Doner arrived at the village she was offered the infant to rear here at the Mission. After consultation and prayer we have decided it to be our duty to take him, and he has been accordingly brought here to raise.

We solicit your prayers in our behalf that God may use us to the salvation of many more souls.

Yours in His service,
Elizabeth Engle.

INDIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Adra, B. N. R. India,

April 14, 1915.

Dear ones in Christ:—

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." As we opened our Bible for a word of greeting our eyes fell upon these words. The papers tell us that in the recent crisis in Europe last July and August, the people of England, in great throngs before the palace of His Majesty the king, sang this hymn as one man

"O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home." etc. etc.

Surely these are days when we should remember God's dealings with His people in the past, and take courage and expect Him to be what He ever has been. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." To us as to many others the last six months has been a time of testing and trial, but not without some precious and glorious victories, and up lifts of the Spirit. Often have we been heavily pressed with inexpressible burdens, but when we turned our eyes heavenward with the above words in our hearts, fresh inspiration and courage would take hold of us and we felt like pushing the battle forward as much as we could, nor are we yet thru with the battle, and what our tests may yet be we know not, but the Apostle assured his brethren "that we must thru much tribu-

lation enter into the Kingdom of God." We are a well-favored people when we consider the conditions many others must be in thru the ravages of the present awful war. Many have been wondering how it has been faring with us, and what effect the war has had upon the country etc. We rejoice in this that so far peace and tranquility has prevailed amongst the people and we have had no reason for leaving the country, which we would have had to do should conditions have been other wise. It has affected our living expenses as well as the people's in general. Many things have almost doubled in price. It seems to have affected many people in the home lands with fears of our receiving moneys they might choose to send: for this reason our receipts were not the same as in corresponding six months of other years. This hampered us somewhat in our work, and we have not been able to do as much as we would like to have done. We were not hindered by ill-health so we pressed into the touring with all the strength we had and thank God for the glorious times we had in seeking out God's chosen ones. It was one of the best seasons we have had in India. Our greatest encouragement seems to be amongst the Santhals. They have very few arguments against the truth and from what we saw amongst them we believe that we shall yet see many of them turn to the Lord. We need your prayers for them. A young man and his family, his cousin and family have decided for the Lord. They are under instruction and they are hopeful of other members of their families therefore we have not as yet baptized them. There are others from this field that we have taught and helped that are now working in coal mines near another mission and there they are seeking light. You know there things encourage us and no sacrifice can be too great if we may be the means of winning some precious souls for Him.

For some time we have had it upon our hearts to do something for the Europeans of this place, but we lacked opportunity. For some time there has been no Sunday School for the children and as there was no one to take it up we added it to our list of services. The 1st quarter ended with an average attendance of 28 children. When we have secured a place convenient we expect also to hold services for the older people as

well. Pray for this new part of our work.

After prayerful consideration, in the latter part of last Nov., we decided to close the orphanage part of our work. The members were decreasing, and to release those in charge for more important work, and finding others who would gladly take them we gave them up. It was with a sad heart for all had become closely attached to the children. We are still supporting some of them in other schools. The closing of the orphanage has also made it possible for Misses Williams and Steckley to take a much needed furlough. Both of them have been in need of such a change for some time. The climate has affected them both very much. They left us Mar. 23. We hope they will soon recuperate and be able to return to the work. We are in great need of missionaries and those that will stand by them with prayer and means.

Those of us remaining behind are doing our best to carry on the Lord's work. Miss Landis is the only one that is taking a vacation to the hills. We are now in the midst of the hot season and it is the same as other years. For some time small pox has been very prevalent all about us, but we have been kept. Let us hear from you. Pay no attention to reports of mails being hindered. If you have an offering to send don't be afraid, the Lord will see that we get it. We are greatly needing it.

Yours in Him.

D. W. Zook.

THE FOOTBALL OF THE EMPIRES.

What is the football" of the great empires to-day? In this world war what is it that the great powers are struggling to put across the goal line? Belgium and Poland have been thought of as fields on which the fierce game is being fought out. But there is another battle-field in the present war that for thousands of years has been the world's most important battleground. An article to be published in The Sunday School Times or July 17 will tell how and why the greatest empires the world has ever seen have struggled on this for the possession of "the football of empires." A three weeks' free trial of the paper will be sent to you, and a few of your friends, upon receipt of a post card request addressed to The Sunday School Times Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

2. When writing to have your address changed be sure to give both old and new address.

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication must be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

GRANTHAM, PA., JULY 12, 1915.

TRACTS.

What We Believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.

An Interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.

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Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.

Scripture Text Mottoes, \$10.00 worth for \$6.00. Postage extra.

Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed, Geo. Detwiler, 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

Every element in the missionary problem depends for its solution upon prayer.

MARRIAGES.

BELL.—HEISEY.—On Saturday, June 26, 1915, at the home of Bro. John Funk of near Hershey, Pa., Bishop Henry K. Kreider officiating, Bro. Michael E. Bell and Sr. Marthy B. Heisey were joined in holy wedlock.

ESHELMAN.—SWARTZ.—On June 24, 1915, at the home of the groom, near New Kingston, Pa., Rev. S. C. Eshelman, father of the groom officiating, there occurred the marriage of Mr. Roy Eshelman and Miss Hettie M. Swartz.

BOMBERGER.—WENGER.—Bro. John E. Bomberger and Sr. Annie F. Wenger, of Fairland, Pa., were united in holy wedlock on Saturday, May 15, 1915, at the home of the officiating minister, Bishop Henry K. Kreider.

WINGERT.—WERT.—On June 17, 1915, there occurred the marriage of Bro. Samuel H. Wingert of Grantham, Pa., and Sr. Emma Wert of Carlisle, Pa., at the residence of the bride's parents, Bishop Jonathan Wert, father of the bride officiating.

OBITUARY.

GRUBER.—Sister Elizabeth G. Gruber was born Nov. 26, 1838, died June 14, 1915, aged 76 years, 6 months and 18 days. Deceased was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for many years. Her husband, Bro. Jacob Gruber, preceded her to the spirit world about eleven years. She is survived by two sons. Funeral was held at the Mastersonville church, Lancaster Co., Pa. Service was conducted by Bish. H. B. Hoffer, Elders Daniel Wolgemuth and Amos Sheetz. Text II Tim. 4: 6, 7. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

MOYO.—Elizabeth, daughter of Bro. David and Sr. Mankunku Moyo, was born Jan. 4, 1912, died May 15, 1915, aged 3 years, 4 months and 11 days. This little daughter of our faithful evangelists at Macha Mission was a bright example of what a Christian home and civilized surroundings will do for the African children. She was unusually precocious and a great pet with both the missionaries and natives, and we deeply feel our loss. She was stricken with pneumonia and although the missionaries did all in their power to aid her, she passed quietly away after a week of great suffering. The Father loved her as well as we and thought it best to take this sweet little flower from the wilds

of Africa and transplant it to bloom in His own fair garden above. Bro. Steckley made the little coffin and the sisters covered it with white and after appropriate services, she was laid away near the little church at Macha.

H. F. D.

SMITH.—Harriet Smith, wife of Adam Smith of near Bainbridge, Lancaster Co., Pa., died June 10, 1915, aged 70 years, 4 months and 19 days. Sr. Smith united with the church about twenty-four years ago. She lived a quiet life. She was the mother of eleven children of whom seven died in infancy. Four sons and the husband remain to mourn the loss of an affectionate mother and devoted wife. Eight grand children of whom two united with the church in the spring also survive. Funeral service was conducted at the Methodist church, Bainbridge, by Eld. J. N. Martin, assisted by Pre. Simon Garber, Mennonite, and Rev. Myer, Reformed. Text Rev. 7: 15, 17. Interment in Reich's cemetery.

BRECHBILL.—On the tenth day of last March there went out in the village of Marion, Pa., a life so unassuming, so quiet, that the busy world scarce noticed the departure of one of the humblest of its millions. Yet those who—and they were many—realized that from among them had been taken a sweet saintly influence such as emanates from those only who are pure in heart and unspotted from the evils of the world. Very fittingly indeed came death, not a horror to be dreaded but a welcome herald of greater joy long hoped for, and gentlv. tenderly closed a life that had been thruout its full three-score years and ten naught but gentleness, tenderness, and love. Fanny Brechbill, daughter of the late Henry and Catherine Brechbill, was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, May 17, 1844. She died at the age of seventy years, nine months, and twenty-three days. Her younger days were spent in all the many kinds of labor that fell to woman's lot of the farm of the last century. Her later years were devoted to the care of her father, mother, and younger sister, Elizabeth. When her parents had been called away, she and Elizabeth made their home with their brother, John. Between these two sisters, neither of whom had ever married, existed a friendship like that of David and Jonathan and after the death of the younger in 1911, the other patiently waited for the summons to the reunion. In virtue, piety, and equanimity of disposition the life of Fanny Brechbill was unique. It is the testimony of those who have known her all her life long that she never became angry. Nor were her virtues all of a negative sort. She was dominated by a deep concern in anything that tended towards the good of mankind. All worthy religious ac-

tivities called forth her lively interest and support, especially those of her chosen church. She became a member of the Brethren in Christ at the age of seventeen and for more than a half-century she found her chief delight in the service of her God. And in her last few years, when all earthly interests seemed to fade slowly away, her faith, hope, joy, and confidence in the Church of Christ on earth and in heaven hereafter grew into a positive assurance that changed for her the dread messenger into an angel of light. Her life is over but her influence lives on. She has gone to her bountiful reward but her example is left for those who follow. She is survived by one brother, a sister-in-law, two nieces and one nephew, the writer.

BRECHBILL.—Sister Susannah, wife of Christian Brechbill, was born July 18, 1839, died at her home at Greenvillage, Pa., June 19, 1915, aged, 75 years, 11 months and 1 day. Sr. Brechbill was the oldest daughter of the late Abram and Mary E. Brechbill of Hamilton Twp., Franklin Co., Pa. She leaves a sorrowing husband and four children, Mrs. Amos B. Sollenberger, David B. Brechbill, Harvey B. Brechbill, and Miss Mary E., at home, to mourn her departure. There are also nine grand children and one step son, Abram W. Brechbill of Greenvillage, Pa., two brothers, Rev. Henry Brechbill of Duffield, Pa., Abram Brechbill and Mrs. Fannie Dice of Hamilton Twp., who survive her. She was highly esteemed and loved by all who knew her. She gave her heart to God in early life and was a consistent member of the Brethren in Christ church in the Air Hill district, where she lived a faithful Christian life until the time of her departure. The church has lost an earnest loving helpful sister and the community a neighbor indeed. She was a faithful wife and devoted loving mother, a loving sister and a sincere earnest follower of the Savior. Surely we miss her in our home yet we have the confidence that God doeth all things well, and in humble submission we can say, "Not our will but Thine be done." It will not be long, and we will join our loved one where pain and sorrow are felt no more and where parting is never known to come. Before she passed away she called her family to her bedside and admonished them all to live a true Christian life, to keep close to Jesus, to kneel before Him in humble prayer, and obey Him in all things. "Then," she said, "You can see me and meet me over in heaven." Then she said, "Jesus is coming," and grew weaker gradually, finally falling peacefully asleep in Jesus. Funeral service was conducted by the home brethren at the Air Hill church where interment was also made. Text II Tim. 4: 6-8.

Gone, but not forgotten,
A precious one from us has gone;

TESTIMONY AND EXPERIENCE.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

The Lord has laid it on my heart to write to you my experience, and the wonderful way in which the Savior undertook for me, and saved my soul. I praise my dear Savior this morning that I am His. I realize His mercies unto me. I belonged to church, had my name in the church book, but O! so far from God. I was in all kinds of sins, dancing, playing cards, a member of a club, going to picture shows, to theaters, violating the Sabbath. But there came a time that I realized I was lost. I went to a Mission near our place, and went to the altar. I received help, but did not confess out my sins, or make my wrongs right, I never heard of that until I came to Bro. Boyer's meetings. As my husband attended the services there he was anxious that I go with him. I went once and heard such a sermon that I vowed I never would go again. I could belong to this other Mission, and dress as I please, wear gold, and deck myself with the devil's trash.

One Saturday night my husband proposed that we go uptown, to Bro. Boyer's street meeting, but I wanted to go to the Rescue Mission. We strolled around town, and I began to wonder where we were going as it was getting too late for the Mission. Finally we came to the street meeting, but had to wait a little while until the Nazarene people vacated the corner. Then Bro. Boyer handed us a song book: my husband stepped out into the ring with them. I did not know what to do, but took courage and entered the ring also. I never will forget how I felt among all those dear plain people that showed to the world that they belonged to God. And *me* in my silk, my white shoes, and my big white hat, I felt like every one was watching me. No wonder our dear precious Jesus put such condemnation upon my soul. I promised God I would not wear them again.

A voice we loved is stilled,

A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God, in His wisdom has recalled,
The boon His love had given.

And tho' the body slumbers here,
The soul is safe in heaven.

But I was far away from God yet, although I did not realize it. But Jesus is so true, and was working with my soul. He found me a stubborn and rebellious child.

My husband was so anxious to be one with the Brethren in Christ, and having united, he in his anxiety for me, prevailed on me to take the plain way. I did so, but against my will, and how unhappy I was. I became turned against, and hated that way. I would only wear the covering when I had to. I united with the dear ones but before we could be baptized the flood came, and I went back on the Lord. I laid off the covering.

But, was I happy? No. I was a miserable wretch, I could find no rest, and felt forsaken by all. I couldn't pray. Why? Because I had disobeyed God.

This was just before a lovefeast at Highland which I attended. As I beheld the dear sisters with their white coverings on their heads, they looked so beautiful, so heavenly, so pure, O! how I longed to belong to Jesus. How miserable I was. If those dear brethren and sisters could have looked into my heart that day, they would all have been so glad to pray for me.

When I saw my husband partaking with the dear ones in the communion, and I was barred out, I felt if I rejected my Christ any longer, I would lose heaven. I came home so hungry and penitent. Bro. John Hoover talked to me about my soul: I longed to tell him I was ready to surrender all for Jesus who gave His life for me. I am so glad I gave up all for Jesus, who received me and gave me the witness that I belong to Him, praise His dear name. Then I could sing with a true heart.

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,

O! what a fortaste of glory divine.

Heirs of salvation purchased of God,

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood."

I adore His holy name this morning for His love, His mercy and how He does so faithfully reveal Himself to precious souls if they will only let Him, I do thank Him for sending dear Bro. and Sr. Boyer, to this place, I thank Him because they said yes. How many souls might have been lost if they would have said no.

I mean to go on be true and faithful, whatever He may have for me to do. The

burdens seem heavy sometimes, but Jesus is our burden bearer, praise His dear name forever.

Your Sister in Christ,
Charlotte Myers.

475 Hunter Ave., Dayton, O.

Greeting in Jesus' precious name. For a long time I have felt I should write for the VISITOR, but feeling unqualified, I did not obey. Now this afternoon, by God's help, I want to obey, for I have such a great desire of late to be obedient in all things.

I feel as the hymn says:

*"For what the Savior did for me,
I'll praise Him more and more.*

I do want to praise the dear Lord for calling me, and that He gave me a will to try to do His will. And that He so kindly led me this far. O the sweet peace I enjoyed when He forgave all my sins. But I was not to stop there. He had something for me to do. I wanted to obey, but the enemy tried to keep me from wearing my prayer covering all the time. I surely had a big struggle, as some of our dear sisters did not, I thought possibly I would not need to. But I felt I was disobeying God. James 2: 10, teaches, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all." I loved my dear Savior and wanted to please Him, so by the encouragement of a few obedient sisters and earnest prayer, He gave me a will to obey.

I never can tell the wonderful blessing I received then. I could say with I Cor. 2: 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The beautiful vision he gave me, has been worth so much to me since.

I often wish I could encourage any dear sister who stands as I did, to obey the Lord, for we are richly repaid. The hymn says,

*"Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay."*

I feel weak and know I come short of doing my duty many times, but I am so glad the dear Lord knows my heart, that I want to do His will. I can see where He has

helped me thru many times. His blessed Word has been a great comfort to me. Sometimes when it looked so dark around me, the precious words of Heb 13: 5: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," came to me, and strengthened me. I am glad for the many promises we can find in the Blessed Bible, and for the true Friend we can find in Jesus.

I do feel unworthy of His great love to me. I want to prove faithful and keep humble at His feet. I often wish the unsaved would only know what they could enjoy if they would serve the Lord.

Pray for me that I may ever do His will.

Your unworthy sister,
Elsie Stoner.

Roaring Springs, Pa.

I will write some for the VISITOR, as I want to praise God for His healing power. He is my Savior, Sanctifier, Healer, Glorious Lord, and Coming King.

I was afflicted with pneumonia in March. I felt I was in the hands of my blessed Master, either for life or death, knowing I had the Great Physician who understands it all, and can heal. Surely He has wonderfully healed me, to Him be all the glory.

Surely we have a wonderful Savior; if we let Him He will save us to the uttermost. He saves us from all the vain things of this world. I felt so much to say with the hymn,

*"Forbid it Lord that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my Lord."*

We are nothing of ourselves and only should boast in what the Lord does for us. We see pride and vanishable things put on people, and a puffed up spirit, one against another; all these don't add anything. The Scripture says, "What have ye that ye did not receive." The word shows us that if the blessing of God, giving us all things, were withdrawn we surely would have nothing to boast of. And more than that if His precious Holy Spirit were withdrawn we would surely be deprived of the greatest of all. "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus." If we trust Him He will direct us to the straight and narrow way.

I hope this may help some souls. I enjoy reading the testimonies of others, and was

much impressed to write. I believe we would see more testimonies if we would write when we feel we should. May God's Spirit comfort and keep us all true to Him till He comes.

Yours in Jesus' name,

R. J. Landis.

Thomas, Okla.

Dear brothers and sisters, I have been impressed to write for the *Visitor* this beautiful evening. I am so glad that I made a start to live a Christian life in my young years. I praise God that He called me when He did, and for the love, joy, peace and happiness I can find in living for Him. I cannot praise Him enough for what He has done for me. I am so glad I found Jesus precious to my soul. There is nothing that satisfies but Jesus.

Sinner friends, I would like to see you come to Jesus and live for Him. O it is a happy way to live in this world. Sinner friends wont you stop and think where you are going? You are drawing near your grave: each tick of the clock, and each setting of the sun draw you nearer your grave. O think of it. There is no future hour that will bring you back to earth again. When you leave this world it will be left forever: and, think of it! Are you prepared? It will mean one of two places: the joy, peace and happiness in heaven, or the wail in hell.

Fathers and mothers, which road are you leading your children on, if you are not on the road that leads to heaven? How can you expect to raise your children on that road which God would have you if you are not on it yourself? Stop and think which road you are on. The one leads to joy, peace, love, life everlasting, and happiness, and the other leads to destruction, darkness, weeping and gnashing of teeth and long suffering. Ask yourself, Which road am I on? Do not wait till you get old before you get on the right road for God's Spirit will not always strive with you.

I will write a little of my experience and the way I want to live in this sinful world. I cannot praise God enough for what He has done for me. My desire is to do His will better and more perfectly. I want to do what He has for me to do.

I would say, brothers and sisters, if you want to grow stronger with God, whenever

you have a chance to pray do it. I can say there is much power in prayer especially in secret prayer. Do not neglect to pray, for the more one prays the more he wants to pray. And the less you pray the less you want to pray for I know that from experience. I love to pray.

Think of Jesus, the one who suffered and died on the cross that we can be saved, if we do His will. There is no one in this world that will ever do for us what Jesus has done. I praise His holy name for what He has done for me, and for the joy I find in serving Him. I would be ready to go home with Him this evening, but His will be done. I am going to run the race that is before me with patience. The crown is not in the beginning or in the middle, but it is in the end, and I am going to run the race till I get to the other end of it. Then I will receive the crown which Jesus has for me. The more we pray and the closer we live to God the happier our life will be. There is no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

My desire is to do what God has for me to do and to live closer to Him and follow on where He leads me. It does seem to me this evening that some of the people want to take the lead and let God follow on behind. We cannot take the lead for God is all and in all. God will lead us the right way if we follow.

I would ask an interest in your prayers that I may let my light shine more to the world. A brother, in Jesus' name.

Harry Garling.

Waynesboro, Pa.

The Armenian Brethren were with us nearly a week and I looked up the account in the Bible where the Hebrew brother Meshack was thrown into the fire for not worshiping the image set up by man. It reminded me of our Armenian brother Meshack. I tell you, he will not sanction any manufactured religion set up by man. He preached salvation and Jesus Christ like as it never yet was preached in Silverdale: no flinching to the truth: no compromising with the world. Don't want the applause of the people nor any such like.

I thought too of the last chapter of Mark: the believer is to cast out the devil. And I believe he (the devil) got scared in Sil-

verdale. He was handed rough. When we see the many ways in which the devil comes is it not time that some one comes in with the power of God and cries aloud and spares not, not even give him a back seat but drive him out? What is the use of compromising, or flinching, or any such thing in this, our day? God help us people. Why?

I will yet say this devil dont want God's people to have any good spiritual times any more. Do you know that, brother or sister? Well, I was not afraid of my brother or sister or neighbor, to say amen to the eternal truth, and wish him God's double eternal speed. I don't have any more in our brother Meshack than in any other brother, but I have my all in the Christ. He lifted up, He knocked down what belonged down, and lifted up what belonged up. I glory in the truth. What does it matter what the big fellow says? Nebuchadnezzar! Give me Jesus Christ, Amen.

Amanda Snyder.

P. S. I hope God will spare and save his, Meshack's, life so people may hear much truth.

ON MY JOURNEY.

Praise ye the Lord. give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth ferever (Psalm 106: 1). These earnest words of the psalmist have become very real to me.

While reflecting upon my recent visit thro' the eastern portion of our Brotherhood, I remembered that there were those who had asked to hear from me and to whom I had promised to grant the request thro' the columns of the Visitor.

Wherupon I proceed to give a brief account of my visiting thus far.

I left Harrisburg on the evening of May 10 and went to Dayton Ohio. Having a few days to spend before going to General Conference, I visited the Brethren at Dayton, Fairview and Springfield and had a missionary meeting at each of these points. Because I had spent a few months at Springfield several years ago, my visit there was especially pleasant.

In company with a number of Southern Ohio Brethren, I went to Pavonia to attend Conference.

To me that week was one of great blessing and the most enjoyable of the three conferences which it has been my privilege to attend.

But this world is one of meeting and parting, and this fact was again proven when even this grand meeting found an end and farewell words were spoken.

The Brethren Henry Schneider and George Kitely of Carland Mich., kindly invited me to accompany them to their homes after the Conference. This I did with pleasure and spent six days with the saints at that place. During that time I was given the privilege of going with Bro. Schneider and family for a thirty mile auto drive to Merrill where we attended and spoke at the Sunday morning and evening services.

Not alone in Michigan but every where I go the cry is, "Oh, we need more workers." Should the task of choosing my own field of labor be left to me, how and where would I begin when on every side I can see the ripened grain? However I am glad that my Father did not place this responsibility upon me, but went before me and showed to me the corner in which I am to work.

The week which ended May and ushered in the month of June, was spent in North western Michigan; the place where many childhood days were spent with my beloved parents, brothers and sisters. The memory of my acceptance of Christ there in our home and the recollection of my baptism there in the lake near by, blended with many other sweet childhood scenes and made the old familiar spots thrice dear.

If the Lord delays his coming, it is my intention to go from Chicago to Kansas to make a short visit and then pass on to Upland, California, to meet again my dear parents and loved ones whom I have not seen for many many months.

Ruth E. Byer

6039 Halstead St. Chicago.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

In James 5: 13, we read "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray."

Ever since I prayed through for a deeper experience six years ago I felt I ought not to rely on medicine when sick, but pray and fast, and trust in the Lord. How I thank

Him for light and I appreciate the privilege of walking in it.

Last week I had the rheumatism in my right limb very bad at times. I suffered so I could hardly get around to do my work. I knew if I did not get help from somewhere soon I would get worse. Two Christian workers were stopping at my home at the time. They knelt in prayer with me while we laid our hands on the afflicted limb. As we looked to Him by faith I was healed instantly. A complete work was done for I have not felt a pain since. To God be all the glory.

*What a wonderful Savior
Is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Savior
Is Jesus my Lord!*

Praise His holy name forever for what He did for poor unworthy me. He will do the same for all who ask Him in faith believing.

Mary C. McNeal.

Chambersburg, Pa.

IN HIS STEPS.

Are we walking in the pathway that the
blessed Savior trod,
Are we following His footsteps day by day?
Are our souls securely trusting in the prom-
ises of God.
Are we toiling in His vineyard day by day?
Are we sowing seeds of promise in the bar-
ren fields of sin,
Often fainting in the noonday sun and heat?
And in the time of reaping do we bring the
harvest in,
And lay our sheaves in meekness at His
feet?
Are we speaking for the Master, Are we
telling of His love,
Are we searching for the sheep that go as-
tray?
Does our light shine in the darkness, will
its ray a beacon prove
To some sinner, wandering from the fold
away?

If sometimes the Cross is heavy, do we walk
with steadfast feet,
Though He leads us up the way of Calvary?
Is His love for us so precious, His com-
panionship so sweet
That its blessedness transfigures you and
me?

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

A little girl when her father was sick, who was a minister of the Gospel, went to the post office, and said: "Please give me my father's letters," with a sweet, childish voice.

"Who is your father?" said the post master.

"Don't you know my father?" she said with astonishment.

"Of course, I don't," he answered, "Why should I?"

"Everybody knows my father," she answered.

"There is certainly one person that does not," he replied.

"Don't you go to meeting Sundays?" she asked.

"No, I don't go to meetings."

"What! never go to meeting. That's why you don't know my father. He is the minister, and everybody knows him."

"If you tell me his name, I will see if there are any letters." She did so, and when he said there were none, she said:

"Did you say you never go to meeting?"

"That's what I said," he answered, turning away. He had become worse than careless about such things. The little girl walked away, but looking sadly. Next day the postman told her there was no letter yet and turned away.

But she wasn't to be foiled in her purpose, and said: "You never saw my father, did you?"

"Not to know him," he replied.

"Everybody likes him that knows him, and they say he's a nice preacher."

The post master laughed, and said he didn't doubt it.

"Don't you never go to meetings?"

"Not in these days."

"You would like to hear my father. Everybody does."

Oh, His shining steps will guide us as we
journey day by day.

Along the way the dear Redeemer trod!
Through the valley of the shadow they will
glorify the way.

And lead us to the blessed hills of God.

—Janet Beith Koch.

The questions becoming too close for him, he turned away.

Next day he offered her a letter directed to her father, saying:

"It has come at last."

"He will be glad to have it," she said, thanking him; then with earnestness, continued: "I wish you knew my father, you would like him."

"I have no doubt I should, if he is anything like his daughter."

"I wish you would come next Sunday and hear him preach. I know you will be pleased."

"I don't know anyone there; I should feel a stranger."

"You'll know me, and I shall be so happy to see you. You can come to our pew."

He objected again and again, but she persisted in her childish way until at last he promised to go. He did not look entirely pleased, but she ran off, pleased enough.

She was early in her pew that morning, and had anxiously looked out of her window to see if the day would be fine. She turned nervously a great many times toward the door, and at last stood and beckoned with her little hand. A tall man came awkwardly forward and entered the pew. She nestled up to his side and placed her hand in his.

She thought her father never preached better; God certainly helped him. She looked up in the gentleman's face and saw the tears starting from his eyes and then pressed his hands in hers. He hurried out of the church, thanking her for the seat.

The next week, however, he came to see her father, and had a long talk with him. The door was shut, but there were sounds of a person in prayer.

After the man went, the minister told her that she had brought a soul to Jesus, and that he had found rest and peace.

The post master never failed, after that, to be present, at meeting, and how he thanked the little girl for winning him to go there.

Any child can do this, we may not be able to teach or preach, but we can invite persons to the meetings and assure them of a seat there, and also, how good it is to go there.

What a great thing it is after all, for anyone to lead one soul to Jesus, and to know that he is saved through means of their efforts.—*Sel.*

THE HAND THAT WAS LEADING.

For years a boy had been thinking and planning for the day when he might take his first visit alone to a great city. At last the time came and he took his departure. The railway train set him down amid the whir, noise and tumult of the mighty concourse of people. How confusing it all was! For a moment he wished he were safe back home where all was so still and full of peace.

Then a new friend came to him and showed him how to get out of the station and directed him on his way. How kind every one was to him! Even the conductor spoke to him with a smile. Wherever he went he found some one to direct him and explain all that he sought to know. In the seat beside him sat one of the kindest men he had ever met, who could scarcely do enough to help him.

Then, when it was all over, he learned that his own father had been very near to him all along the way. He had sat near him in the car, and with an anxious heart had watched every step his boy took. It was his father who had smoothed the way out of every difficulty; had sent the kind friends to sit with his boy in the seat and to show him all about the hot, restless city.

How like the unseen Friend who is ever guiding the steps of His beloved ones! This is a world of trying places. At every step some new pitfall awaits us. We can not know the way. Our eyes would many times deceive us were it not that close by our side is the one who knows all the way and will not let us slip if we but trust Him. And that we must do. Is it such a hard thing then? Is it necessary to use that word must? Shame upon us! It should be the easiest and most natural thing in the world to trust God to be our leader where the way is so strange, so full of things which might trap us and bring us into ruin.

And how good it is of Him thus to plan out our way for us! No step but He has marked it all out. No testing time but He is near to help and cheer. No hour of triumph but He is the first to say, "I rejoice with you, my son. Just trust Me still. I'll bring you safe home in the end."

—By Edgar L. Vincent.

"SAVED FOR NOTHING."

Yet at Infinite Cost.

It was on the evening of the 30th of July, 1858, near the town of Manayunk, Pennsylvania, when the writer called the second time to see Mrs. A——, a very intelligent lady from new England, who had seen many of the "ups and downs" of this uncertain world, and experienced not a few of the "ills which flesh is heir to," but who, in a mysterious and wonderful Providence, had been brought to this place, and laid on a bed of affliction, where she seemed to labor under harassing anxiety and great depression of mind, while at the same time, as she said, using every effort to repent, pray for pardon, and prepare to meet her God. From what I had said to this lady during my first interview, and from what she still stated of her hopes, her fears and her feelings. I perceived that her case was difficult, and that none but ONE could remove her doubts and dangers, and put her in her "right mind." So I again "preached unto" her "Jesus." And soon the substance of our conversation was as follows:

Minister.—You say, Mrs. A——, that you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mrs. A.—Yes sir; I believe every word that is said about Him in the Old and New Testaments.

Min.—But I rather think you do not believe all that is there said about Christ.

Mrs. A.—And why do you think so, sir? Why have you such a suspicion?

Min.—Because if you truly believe in Jesus Christ, and in "every word that is said about Him in the Scriptures," the result would be salvation, pardon, and "peace with God;" but it is quite the contrary of this with you. You are awfully afraid of God! an evidence that you are not looking at God as He is revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ. You are mourning, repenting, and bitterly lamenting sin, and earnestly crying for mercy, and yet you say you "have no evidence of being heard; that your prayers, like stones thrown into the air, only fall back upon you with terror." Are you not trying to make yourself good, and fit to meet God by your own repentance, instead of *throwing yourself, just as you are, upon Christ?* And this is the reason why conscience upbraids you; for, indeed, you are only increasing your own guilt instead of tak-

ing it away. You are not truly believing and trusting in Jesus.

Mrs. A.—Oh, sir, I tell you again, that I firmly believe in Christ the Son of God, and that no poor sinner can be saved without Him, and I am striving and praying daily and hourly that He may save me.

Min.—Well, Mrs. A——, you are praying and striving daily and hourly that He may save you; but are you willing to be saved without your praying and striving? Are you willing to be saved on His own terms, simply by faith in His atoning blood? God has given Christ to be the Savior of sinners, and Christ has borne the punishment of sin upon the cross. It is not, therefore, by prayers or tears, or any work of your own that you are to be saved, but by trusting in Him who, by His death, has made a satisfaction for sin. You must know that it is "by grace through faith you are saved." You must accept Christ as YOUR SAVIOR, and be SAVED BY HIM, and THEN pray and strive because you *are* saved.

Mrs. A.—But, oh, how can such a wicked wretch as I am be saved without fervent prayer, and striving to repent before God?

Min.—Your fervent prayers and repentance will never be accepted *unless you accept Christ*, as He is freely offered to you *as an all-sufficient Savior*. Now, Mrs. A——, I want you to think most seriously on what you have just said. You said you believed truly in Jesus Christ, and in every word that is said about Him in the Old and New Testaments. Then you must believe that "*he was wounded for our transgressions,*" that "*he was bruised for our iniquities,*" that "*the LORD hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all,*" and that He hath "*put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.*" You must believe that Christ can "*save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him,*" even "*the chief of sinners.*" and that "*faith in His blood*" saves the soul.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I do.

Min.—And you believe in the value and efficacy of this Savior's blood in putting away sin?

Mrs. A.—Certainly, I do.

Min.—Then you believe it can save you?

Here was a pause; at last the answer came slowly.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I do.

Min.—Then, if faith saves, your faith *has* saved you. Has it not?

Another long pause. Finally she put the inquiry—

Mrs. A.—And is that the meaning of being saved through a Savior's blood?

Min.—Certainly it is, if *you truly believe*, as you say you do.

And here came another most solemn pause. At last, lifting her eyes and hands towards heaven, her bosom heaving with deep emotion and her eyes filled with tears, she exclaimed—

Mrs. A.—Oh! now I see it! Now I see it! Blessed be God, now I see that I can be **SAVED FOR NOTHING!** I believed, but never before did I so see the completeness of that satisfaction which Christ has made for my sins; that I have nothing to do for my salvation but believe! Oh! sir, let me say to you, that this moment a burden has rolled from my soul. Blessed Jesus! and is this salvation through Thy blood? How blind I have been these many years to imagine that, in order to be saved, I should have to pray so fervently, repent so bitterly, and keep myself so pure from sin. Now I see that simple faith in that atoning blood can save any sinner, and save fully and freely; that it can save me! Oh! that I am saved—**SAVED FOR NOTHING!** Glory! glory to God for this!

Here there was such a glorious scene as all but overwhelmed me, as I had never before witnessed such a sudden application of the truth, under the powerful operation of the Spirit of God. So I immediately knelt by her side, and joined with her in praising God; and then left her alone to adore him for the gift of Jesus, and to enjoy that "salvation" which she had received "*for nothing.*" But although this lady's iniquities were taken away, her bodily infirmities prevailed against her; but beneath them all she was wonderfully sustained by faith in her "blessed Jesus." And although she was, comparatively, a stranger in the place, the Lord raised her up friends, especially in the person of a Mr. M——, a good man in the neighborhood, who was as willing as he was able to administer to all her earthly necessities. But her disease increased, and finally, on Sabbath evening, the 5th of September, she closed her eyes upon this world, and entered into her rest, having said to her husband a little before, "I have found *my Savior*, and I am now

going home to heaven—**SAVED FOR NOTHING!**"

The writer of this narrative was requested to attend her funeral, and he is unable to describe to the reader the satisfaction he experienced in being privileged to address the living over the remains of one who had left such a testimony behind her.

Now, dear reader, I have shown you one "*saved for nothing;*" and may you not see, from what I have here honestly stated, how you also can be saved for nothing? Only "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*" And "*being justified by faith, you will have peace with God through*" your "*Lord Jesus Christ;*" and holiness, and happiness, and heaven will be the blessed results. No prayer, or act of repentance will be heard or accepted unless you accept Christ by faith. Faith must bring salvation into the soul; and prayer, repentance, and a holy life must *make that salvation manifest.*

Reader, can you say from your heart that you believe in Jesus, and in all that is said about Him in God's Word? and do you believe in your heart that He can save you? Then, surely, you are a happy reader. But, oh! if this is not your faith, you are yet in your blindness and in your sins; and if you perish in these, the more dreadful will be your doom, when you could have been, but would not be, "**SAVED FOR NOTHING.**" ..Reader, are you saved?—*Tract*

Prophecy is the most amazing institution of God among men. It is the light of God's foreknowledge set in the darkness of the sinshrouded world that those who believe in Him and obey Him may know His purposes and plans and conform their lives thereto. Prophecy is unknown to the world, is rejected by the wise of this world while its study is avoided by those who "have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof." It came down to us through "holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." It is "a more sure word," "is not of any private interpretation," and may be understood by whoever will undertake its study in a humble frame of mind which will permit its Author to interpret its meaning.

SELECTED.

THE BIBLE A WONDEROUS BOOK.

AN APPRECIATION.

How wondrous is this Old Book! wondrous in its origin, wondrous in its relations, wondrous in its subjects, wondrous in its history! A Book conceived in the mind and heart of the great God of heaven and earth, demanded by the necessities of a fallen race and required by the needs of a lost world; an indispensable expression of that Divine love which shines like a halo of glory—a glowing background to every page! The Law, written by the finger of God amid the lightning flashes, the thunder peals and earthquake shocks of Sinai; the Prophets, sent by "holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" the Gospel, brought by Him "who spake as never man spake," signed in the agony of Gethsemane and the darkness of the cross; sealed amid the acclaiming heavenly hosts at His resurrection and witnessed by the holy apostles, saints and martyrs!

WONDEROUS BOOK!

The flame breath of the Almighty! The love letter of "him who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." How wondrous is thy origin!

The Old Book has been beneath the mighty movements of the world's history, and exactly in proportion as the Book was known and studied, so does civilization spread and flourish, law is respected and obeyed, and letters and learning and the various arts and sciences are carried to their highest degree of perfection.

When it was hidden and sealed by the Catholic Church the "Dark Ages" came

on, civilization languished and died, letters almost disappeared from the earth, the arts and sciences sought refuge in the monasteries and among the Saracens, and lawlessness and barbarism reigned supreme. But when Protestantism broke the seal, and with the printing presses flung the Scriptures far and wide, then the chariot wheels of progress, which before "drave heavily," took fire and began to blaze with the Gospel light of the present day, civilization revived, and the earth again passed under a reign of law.

The Old Book occasioned the writing of more books, and has been the subject of more controversy than all other books combined, and the literature concerning it is spreading in ever-increasing volume. How wonderful has been the Old Book in its relations!

The Old Book is so wondrous in its subjects, in their diversity, their unity and symmetry! Its major subject is God, His love, His labors, His plans, His passion. Its minor subject is man, his origin, nature, relations, obligations and destiny; and from its flaming pages these subjects are made so plain that the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

It deals with those great problems that have challenged the imagination and absorbed the thoughts of the greatest intellects of men, and we are told that even the angels desired to look into it. It glances back into past eternity and tells us that

BEFORE THE BEGINNING GOD WAS.

It bridges the chasm between God and the universe in that one sentence: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It gives an outline of human history from the creation, sweeps on down the ages with impressionistic touch, giving us the future of man to the end of time; then throws open the

portals of coming eternity and shows us an apocalyptic vision of the final destiny of the race.

Ah, wondrous Old Book! The Book that plumbs the depths of human nature as no other book can do. My Father's love letter to me! It tells me that He loved me before I loved Him. It tells me that though I, am fallen and have forfeited my high estate, yea, even life itself, yet He loved me so that He redeemed me with His blood. It tells me that not only did He so love me that He gave His only begotten Son for me, but that He still further loved me and sent the Holy Spirit to lead me into all truth and to show me how to walk well pleasing to Him, to walk beside me, to guide me, protect and strengthen and comfort me. It tells me how I may be saved from sin in its power, practice and pollution here and *now*, and how I may live free from sin in this present world. It tells me how, in believing prayer, I may grasp the arm of Omnipotence and so help in the saving of a lost world. Subjects ever old, yet ever new, that have been of the most intense interest to every man that was ever born, and will continue to fire the breasts of the race until time shall be no more, and then will fill with wonder the hearts and minds of the saints and angels, through all the endless æons of eternity. Ah Old Book! How wondrous beyond all dreams of romance are thy subjects!

The Old Book! How wondrous is its history! A Book that came from

THE KING OF KINGS!

A Book that has been the comfort of the saints of all the ages; the scoff and scorn of the devil and his imps through all the years of time! How the devil has assailed it! He began in the Garden to deny God's Word and, unfatigued and undiscouraged, he has been working ceaselessly at it ever since,

coming with his denials of its truth to every child of Adam's race; sending every demon from the pit to persuade us that it is untrue. Not content with his own suggestions of disbelief, he has in every age, inspired men brilliant in ability, renowned for learning and eminent of position, who have assailed its integrity, denied its inspiration, blasphemed its doctrines and derided and persecuted and murdered its adherents. Continually and by every means that his own arch cunning, assisted by all the ingenuity of all the countless legions of hell and the vast army of his minions, could invent, it has been his effort and his aim to snatch the Old Book from the outstretched hand of a lost and ruined world.

And how wonderfully the immortality of the Old Book is shown! Jezebel and Nero and Julian the Apostate, and many more like them, have thought to destroy it, yet it survived! The apostacy of Manasseh lost it in the temple, but Josiah found it and a great revival followed. It overlived the destruction of the temple, and the captivity only multiplied it. Rome determined to annihilate it, but, like burning oil on water, it spread until it had gone to the Empire's remotest bounds, climbed the Palatine Hill at Rome and become the law book of the nations. Catholicism closed and sealed it, and for a thousand years all hell raged in unholy glee, thinking they had closed the Old Book forever; but Protestantism broke the seal, and by its printing presses and railroads and steamships began to fling the Old Book broadcast over the earth, until there is hardly a place where man dwells where you cannot find a copy of the Book. It has been printed in every tongue and almost every dialect, and, to-day, greater numbers of it are falling from the press than of all other books combined.

Immortal Book! How it sweeps on down the corridors of time with ever-increasing victory! Men may come and men may go; Empires may rise and fall; civilization may perish and crumble and molder in the dust of forgotten centuries, but the Old Book goes on triumphant over all the wrecks of time! Wondrous Old Book! How Marvelous: almost past belief is thy history!

The old cathedrals that it took a thousand years to build are now in ruins. The pyramids, the most enduring monuments of man, are buried, half forgotten, in the desert sands, but the grip of the Old Book on the imagination of the race was never so strong as now! It never was so read! It never was so studied! It never was so loved! It never had such a myriad of followers!

HAIL, BELOVED OLD BOOK!

The Book our mothers loved and lived by! The Book our fathers preached and fought for! The Book our people have died for! How more sacred than all the blood-stained battle flags that hang in earthly halls of fame are thy wondrous pages, stained with blood of all the faithful martyrs, and with the scarlet stripe of our Redeemer's blood crimsoning every leaf! How sweet the story that thou dost tell—the love story of the King of kings! May I carry thee enshrined in my heart, inscribe thee on my memory, bind thee as a frontlet between my eyes, meditate in thee day and night, and, at last, pillow my dying head upon thee while my passing soul swings out over hell upon thy immutable promises and meets the Bridegroom in the air, ever to be with the Lord!—*Rev. O. E. Laird, in The Vanguard.*

Santo Domingo and Hayti—with more than 1,500,000 people in the most dense darkness, has ten missionaries.

MY CHIEF NEED.

My heart needs thee, O Lord, my heart needs thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air, but no breeze can cleanse a spirit.

This world has not provided for my heart. It has provided for my eye; it has provided for my ear; it has provided for my touch; it has provided for my sense of beauty; but it has not provided for my heart. Provide thou for my heart, O Lord. It is the only un-winged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord. Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it into the mire. Be thou the strength of my heart. Be thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude. Guide it in its gloom; help it in its heart; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins.

I cannot rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of thine own wings.—*Geo. Matheson.*

“And he died for all, that they that live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again.”—II Cor. 5: 15.

TIME, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

READER: Thy time on earth is short. The closing year, each setting sun, each tick of the clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to ETERNITY and to God. The year, the day, the hour, the moment will arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever for ETERNITY.

Today thy feet stand on *Time's* sinking sand; *To-morrow* the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into ETERNITY.

Today thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planing for the future. *To-morrow* all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to *Eternity*. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that reality—the reality of *Eternity*. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered *Eternity*.

And, reader, *thine own* turn to enter *Eternity* will shortly come. Ask thy-

self honestly, "Am I prepared for *Eternity*." Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee today. Drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine *Eternal dwelling place*, and today is the time to make thy choice. *To-morrow* may be too late—one day behind time. Which art thou living for? Which art thou travelling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed, and the crown of glory. No, never! *Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.* Reader, hast thou been born again? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an *Eternal Hell* are awaiting thee and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. To-day He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?

*"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom.
Then haste, sinner haste, there's mercy for thee
And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"*

This tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 15c per 100; \$1.00 per 1000, paid.

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